

Paradise

An old man who was so wise nobody ever listened
to him

Diffidently approached a young man.

"Look," he said, "listen. Don't you realize
This is paradise?"

But to the young man spinning through space
Splattered all over with lemon meringue pie and
Frequently falling flat on his face,
The old man's remark was definitely out of place.

Beginning with the most distant and dangerous
stars

The young man dangled until his teeth broke
And down he went but a banana skin
Tripped him and hurtled him up again

Down another cliff-edge,
Clinging to the side of a twenty-story building,
Clutching at window-sills,
Grabbing at awnings,

Once a piece of his wife's hair
(But she was busy with her affairs
And soon forgot him and went to market
And left him hanging in mid-air)

When the old man walked by and said, "Come down,
Come down!

Don't you realize your feet are only
A few inches off the ground?" "This," said the
young man,

Is paradise?"

— Patricia Goedicke

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Noted

The first issue of Borderline (Sherbourne Press, 7863 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90046) has a perceptive article by James Boyer May on the borderline world of little magazines (\$7/year).